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MOUNTAIN LIFE & WORK

MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS



WINTER-1961

SHAKESPEARE WAS WRONG!

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JULIUS CAESAR, ACT III

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MOUNTAIN LIFE & WORK is published quarterly by the COUNCIL OF THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS, INC.

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Articles for this magazine should be sent in care of the Editor,
MOUNTAIN LIFE & WORK
COLLEGE BOX 2000
BEREA, KENTUCKY

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE OF THE COUNCIL OF THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS, SEALE BUILDING, MAIN STREET, BEREA, KENTUCKY. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER AT BEREA, KENTUCKY.



WINTER

COUNCIL OF THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS, INC.

1961

CONTENTS

MOUNTAIN PERSONALITY.....	7	VIEWPOINT.....	40
MOUNTAIN SPEECH.....	13	SOCIOLOGY.....	43
COMMEMORATION.....	18	ECONOMICS.....	47
FOLK CRAFT.....	25	TRIBUTE.....	53
EDUCATION.....	30	YOUTH.....	57
YULETIDE.....	32	BOOK REVIEW.....	60
COMMUNICATION.....	35	OPPORTUNITY.....	62

ABOUT THE COVER:

Mountain fiddler, Ralph Marcum — see story starting on page 7. The photo will also appear on the cover of his first record album.

Acknowledgments on page 61.

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MOUNTAIN PERSONALITY

"Life is not long, and too much of it must not pass in idle deliberation how it shall be spent." SAMUEL JOHNSON



Quick With The Bow

Photos & Text
by
Bob Connor

Ralph Marcum is a school-teacher at Sand Gap, Kentucky, a quickly-passed-through cluster of buildings surrounded by fresh mountain air.

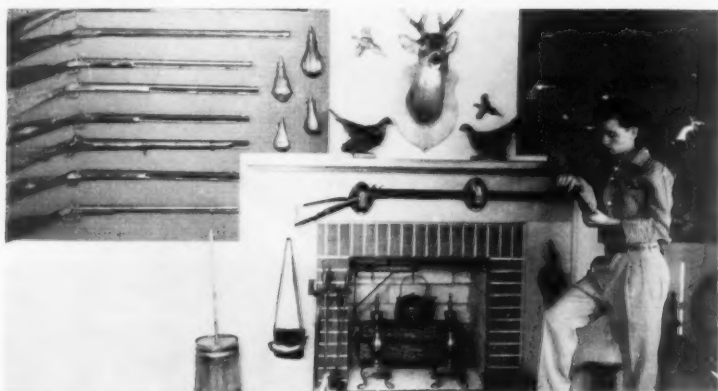
Married and the father of a baby girl, Ralph would seem to be in a position to enjoy a peaceful and rewarding existence. While contentment may be an attribute of peace, it is also an attribute of action and this is the form of contentment which suits Ralph best. And for anyone who likes action, the deep, cliff-bordered hollows around Sand Gap echo a siren song that few hunters can resist.

As far back as Ralph can remember (and it couldn't be more than twenty-four years), he has loved the woods and hunting. And for about the same period of time, he has liked to tinker, to build the things he needed for whatever project held

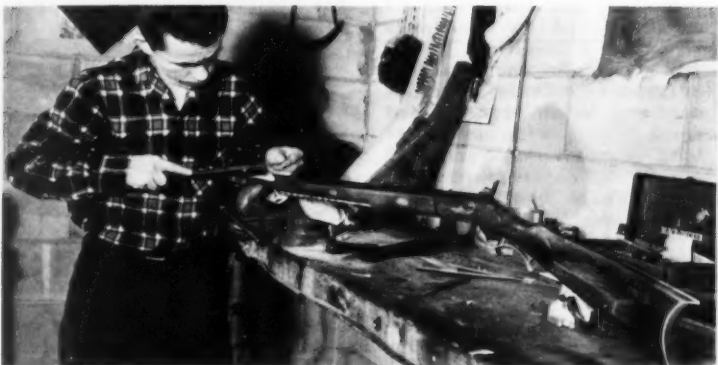


his interest at the time. When he was about 10 years old he made his first archery equipment. His love for this sport has never diminished and his enthusiasm for hunting with the bow is rivaled only by his interest in hunting with the flintlock.

Back in the early 1950's Ralph attended a muzzle-loading rifle shooting match at Renfro Valley where this event has been held for the past 18 years. Not having a muzzle-loader of his own, he decided to get one. Those he found were not in good condition so, naturally, he made his own. Not only has he been making working replicas of the famous Kentucky long rifle ever since, he has, for the past three years, helped Renfro Valley's founder, John Lair, conduct the annual shooting match.



His present collection of Kentucky rifles numbers eleven and Ralph can proudly claim to have killed at least one squirrel with each of them.



8 Ralph's latest: a short-barreled muzzle-loader for brush country.

Ralph went through grade and high school and three years of college (which he entered at 17) when he met up with a critter that didn't look anything like a bow or a flintlock. It turned out to be a fiddle that his uncle had in his used-furniture store. Ralph bought it for ten dollars. It was not as easy to handle as the other weapons but, "There were two or three old-timers around here, and I went to see them. I was acquainted with them through guns, and it seems that old guns and fiddles go together, so they put me on the right track and I took it from there."



Where Ralph has "taken it" from there is nothing short of phenomenal. In less than five years he has fiddled his way to a position of prominence with the regular cast of Renfro Valley's weekly Country Music show which is broadcast via Cincinnati. More than this, Ralph has now been recorded in an album called *FIRE ON THE BOW*. Still unable to read music, he picks up his fiddle tunes by ear. Anyone who has seen the profusion of bug-tracks lively fiddle music can make on paper can appreciate Ralph's musical perception and technical skill.

It is plain to see that Ralph has spent precious little time in "idle deliberation" on how his life shall be spent. Always interested in history, the pioneers, and the great outdoors, he has infused his life with the romantic spirit of the past and in so doing, has enriched not only his own but the lives of those around him.



First, Ralph pours a small amount of powder into the lock where, when he pulls the trigger, flint in the hammer will ignite a spark and set it off.

More powder is then measured into a cartridge

and

carefully poured into the barrel.

A small piece of cloth is placed on the end of the barrel. The bullet is placed on the cloth and both are rammed the length of the barrel.

The amount of powder used is one factor in determining the range the shot will achieve.

There is a disconcerting delay between the time the powder in the lock is ignited by the flint and, in turn, ignites the main powder charge in the barrel.

The result, though, is worth waiting for!



A collector of pioneer artifacts, he has amassed an assortment of antique items which are mentioned in the text used by his 4th grade class. Not only can the students read about a butter churn, wool carder or froe, they can actually see and handle one in his classroom.



Bang!



Besides being an excellent craftsman with woods and metals, as well as an expert marksman with bow and rifle, Ralph has a flair for the ingenious as demonstrated by his creation of a mechanical gun-slinger against which he could practice the fast draw. Using some of his old clothes, he rigged up a dummy, installed a speaker in its head and pre-recorded the dummy's voice on a tape recorder. "I synchronized the turning of the recorder reel with his voice so that when I pressed a button he would actually talk. I had him say, 'All right, you varmint! When I count three, draw!' And he would then count, 'one, two, three,' and at the moment he said 'three!' the reel would tighten up on the trigger and would release his arm. On the end of his arm I had a modern cap pistol that shoots a plastic bullet. His chest was on a hinge at the top and there was a circuit that would break at the bottom. If I drew, and was faster than he was, and hit him in the chest, it would break all connections, recorder and everything, and he would just stop. But if I missed, he went ahead and shot me; the plastic bullet didn't have enough impact to hurt. I used one of my 38-40 Colt single-action hand guns. I'd reload my own ammunition and didn't use any powder in my cartridge; just a cap and wax bullet—a mixture of paraffin and wax that I made myself. If it would hit you it wouldn't do any more than sting, but it was enough to stop the timer in the dummy."



The pet crow belongs to Ralph's father.

Although Ralph is in his sixth year of teaching, he will not have his degree until next summer. He is getting his college education from Eastern Kentucky State College at Richmond. His teaching duties have made it necessary for him to attend the last two summer sessions and, in addition, he is now taking an elective course in history and ethics one night a week. It will still be necessary for him to take a workshop course which will supplant the usual Student Teaching—otherwise he would have graduated this year.

If Ralph could ever be said to indulge in "idle deliberation" about his future,

it would concern his M.A. which he just might postpone for four or five years or "Until I catch up on my hunting and fishing."

In the meantime, there are plenty of other things to take his attention. There is that powerful crossbow for which he is now fashioning arrows; there will surely be some taxidermy jobs this winter (he mounted the head of the first buck he shot and one of his most attractive pieces of work is a grouse-in-flight with wings extended beyond a picture frame background); there is shotgun and rifle ammunition to be loaded; more flintlocks to be built and others to be serviced for his frequent customers; new fiddle tunes to be learned; more pioneer artifacts to be acquired; and history to be studied and enjoyed; and always, just a hundred yards behind his neat, modern home, is the deep hollow with its siren songs to beckon him to the forest fastness with flintlock or bow where he can, in a more than vicarious way, savor the true essence of pioneer living.

Sand Gap is typical of hundreds of other tiny rural mountain communities—except for Ralph Marcum, a young schoolmaster who is mighty quick with the bow.



MOUNTAIN SPEECH

PART IV



The Content of Mountain Speech

Dr. Cratis D. Williams

Writers have been fairly accurate in recording the vocabulary, epigrams, figures of speech, idiom, and phrasing in the speech of the Southern Mountain people. Writers from outside the mountains have tended, however, to overemphasize certain "discoveries" they have made. For example, the Chapmans, who in their *Glen Hazard* novels about Tennessee doubly distilled the language of the mountain folk and then blended it with rare old imports from the England of Chaucer and the *Dialect Dictionary*, presented a powerful and poetic speech in their "classical" mountaineers, but it is far from representative. Native interpreters like James Still, Jesse Stuart and Harriette Arnow handle the content of the mountaineer's speech with better balance.

Folk wisdom, words familiar on one level to Americans generally but which have distinctly local meanings in the highlands, epigrams, pungent phrases, wholesale conversion of nouns to verbs, are generally archaic survivals from colonial times which may be found in the vernacular speech recorded in Restoration drama and early American fiction as well as dialect dictionaries. Like the diction and the rhythmic intonation, the content of mountain speech is a survival of what was once general rather than something that has sprung up in the mountain country. Not peculiar to the mountains, it, too, differs only quantitatively from the content of the speech of semiliterate folk descended from the same stock but living in other isolated areas of the United States.

The content of mountain speech is not difficult to record. Even fifth-rate writers of fiction succeed well when they go among the mountain folk and listen attentively. Charles Neville Buck, who wrote thirty "thrillers" over a quarter of a century about the mountaineers of Kentucky, captured successfully the tricks of style in

the highlander's presentation of himself. It was only in Buck's failure to see that much of the mountaineer's speech content is no different from that of most Americans that he sometimes erred.

The refreshing quality in the mountaineer's talk is most likely to delude the outsider into thinking that the mountain folk are original in the way they say things. The fact is that they are singularly unoriginal; their phrases, saws, sharp observations, neat under-statements, magnificent exaggerations are almost always folklore. Being good actors, mountain folk have a nice appreciation of timing. Schooled to restrain themselves, deliberate in manner, and masters of sang-froid, they leave the impression that the clever and telling phrases they utter reflect original responses to situations, but as one knows them better he discovers that the responses of a given mountaineer are not only traditional but similar to if not exactly the same as the responses of the average mountaineer in the community.

Metaphor-studded and decorated with abundant similes, the content of mountain speech is frequently like the conceits in the folk epics. People who are living hard are said to be "chawin' their terbaccer thin." The peppery old man with the vigorous *musc-tache* may retort, when asked to repeat what he has said, "I don't chaw my terbaccer twicet, young man." The next cabin up the creek is a "whoop and a holler away." A "miffled" hostess gives her guests "cold coffee." A free-for-all fight is described as "a knock-down-and-drag-out."

A "goshin" (gossiping) woman who may be "nit-brained" "hain't got as much sense as a goose." Her tongue is "a-constantly a-clatterin' like a bell clapper in a goose's end," she spits tobacco juice toward the fireplace "like a goose a-squirtin' by moonlight," and "she don't know no more about what she's talking about than a goose knows when Sunday comes." Although people like to listen to Aunt Pol, they know "she's full of blue mud." She's not blamed individually for her shortcomings, for everybody on her branch of the fork of the creek is "thataway," particularly since they have married "back an' through one another up thar whar she was raised up at" till they are "as much akin as pigs out'n the same litter" and all as much like their old "she-devil of a granny" (which could mean a great-great-grandmother) as if "they'd a-been dug out'n 'er with a sang hoe."

There "hain't been another'n like Pol since God made Adam," but folks "'ud be hard put to git along without 'er." She's the best "baby snatcher" that ever attended a "granny racket" and "a great hand to set up with the dead." Although she "hain't very stout no

more, she's mighty pyeart fer her years." Of course she "don't go to plays and sich shindigs no more," but time was when she "could run a set" with the best of them. Since she "jined" and started "consortin' with the saints," though, she "don't hold it to be godly to be a-runnin' the sets and a-kickin' her heels up with the sinner folks."

Almost any day you can see Pol "a-broguein' down the road in comp'ny by that little innocent that's her brother Joel's da'ter's woods colt. That pore little God's oddlin' hain't got sense enough to come in out'n the rain, so she allus has to take it along wharever she goes. Lil, that niece of her'n, you know 'er, Sal, I reckon is the only what-you-might-say whore-womern that's been aroun' here since I can ricollect, an' I've been here a right smart spell, fer I'm sixty-nine a-goin' on seventy come plow time. Now, that pore little eedlent youngin hain't only got no sense but hit's fittified besides. Pol puts a heap a store by it, though.

"Thay, Lord! That little witty was as purty a baby up till hit was a set-along child as I ever laid eyes on. Pol tuck it home with 'er afore the scab peeled off'n its nable, hit's ma a-bein' so up-headed because her pap cussed the top of the house off when he larnt she's a-gittin' big. They's the biggest spluttermint in that house ever I hearn tell of, I reckon. Lil pintedly 'lowed she'd not leave that child thar to grow up an' swink an' tote fer the rest of 'em. Pol, a-hearin' the news norated, you know, got a soon start one mornin' an' gethered up the diddies and the clouts and battered 'em out down at the branch, then she crammed 'em in a poke, an' tuck little Rannie home with her. Pore Pol! She hain't got a nough room in that thar little old house o' hern to whup her cat without gittin' hair in her teeth, but she got along master well with that youngin.

"Atter a while the little oddlin' begun to look plime blank like its grampappy. By the time hit was jist a little shirt-tail boy no taller'n knee-high to a grasshopper Pol says to me one day, says she, 'Sally,' she says, 'they's sumpin I've been a-wantin' to talk with you about.' 'W'y, Pol,' says I, 'jist draw yer shootin' arn an' far away.' 'Wal,' says she, 'a short horse is easy curried, as the feller says. Have you noticed anythang quare about little Rannie?' 'W'y, no,' says I, 'nothin' but cept that he's the spittin' image of his grampappy.' Pol never let on. She jist said she reckoned all them thar shines and rusties the old man had cut had marked Lil's baby.

"'Wal,' says I, 'they hain't no use to climb over the devil's back to git to 'is belly. 'Tain't that I'm a-faultin' Lil none, but I'll

bet ye the years off'n my head, an' dare ye to bet with me, that they's a blacksake in the hens' nestes sommers.' 'Wal, a hog may hook me,' says Pol, jist as cool as a cowcumber and appyear-antly not plagued a drap. 'Ever'thang's a heap better the way it turned out, I'm a-guessin'. Hit stands in course that they'd be a passel o' talk and a power o' suspicionin', but Joel, bein' as he'd fight at the drap of a hat an' drap the hat hisself, could never trace a thang down. Folks'd never confidence 'im none, he's so mean. Knowin' as how he's so techous they'd 'low it to be plum dangerous to name anythang to 'im. An' if he ever laid off to do it, I never hearn tell of it, though he shorely ondoubtably has studied about it. But if he did, he'd drag out his old jug an' git on a high lonesome, jist like he allus does ary time he ever needs to git sumpin done quick-like an' in a hurry. He's a master hand at gittin' thangs obflicated and bumfuzzled.'

"Then I says, says I, 'Lil, she's a-livin' high on the hog now, hain't she?' Pol looked at me right straight jist like hit didn't pleasure her nary bit to anchor me. Says Pol, 'When Lil an' that'-ar man o' hern fust started sparkin', jist when they was beginnin' talkin' together, I met Lil one evenin' about dusky dark and says to her, "Lil," says I, "what in tarnation do ye mean a-consortin' with one o' them thar jaybirds when ye know they are the rakins and the scrapins of hell hitself?" But Lil, she didn't pay me nary bit o' mind. Next thang I hearn tell they was a-settin' up together, an' then I hearn they was the infare, an' atter that the shivaree... But, Lord, I knowed her man weren't no 'count. I reckon if hell was raked with a reddenin' comb ye couldn't find a more disables-est, shiftlessest, dolessest, standin' roundest feller than Abe. Hain't another'n like him in the seven jinin' states and the whole Nuninted States of Ameriky besides. Reckon Lil jist got her head turned because Abe had been off out yander to the ocean-sea, er sommers, an' was a good musicker and could sang song-ballets. And he was a fair shot with a rifle gun an' a pistol gun too, I hear tell. But, Lah me! He didn't have so much as a pair of mule arns, and he hain't got no store credit. They's not a cow brute on his place, which he's got a good little piece of crappin' land thar, but he won't corn it ner hay it nuther. He's allus off to the woods sommers with a passel o' hound-dogs and a rifle gun. If tweren't fer the varmnts he kills, reckon they'd might' nigh starve to death. Pore Lil, she's left thar to set on her fist and lean back against her thumb most of the time.' I says, 'Wal, now, if ye make yer bed yerself ye jist have to lay in it, as the feller says. 'Them's gospel words,' says Pol."

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COMMEMORATION

C HAMP F ERGUSON



THE GUERRILLA OF THE HIGHLANDS

by Paul E. Doran

A little way up the beautiful Calfkiller Valley in White County, Tennessee, in a cemetery known as France Graveyard, stands a rather tall slab of sandstone bearing the inscription:

Capt. C. Ferguson

Born

Nov. 29th, 1821

Married July 23rd, 1848

to Martha Owens

Clinton County

Kentucky

Died

Oct. 20th, 1865

In his day this man was both greatly feared and hated, and his name became a household word in the whole Cumberland region. Born at Elliott's Crossroads, Clinton County, Kentucky, Champ Ferguson was the oldest of ten children. Little is known of his early years. In those days all over the mountain county shooting matches were common; great crowds attended the events, and men went long distances to engage in the matches and in the feats of skill and endurance customarily held in connection with them. Ferguson became famous throughout most of the Cumberlands for his expert marksmanship and other feats of skill. Like his grandfather Champion Ferguson, who was a man locally famous as a hunter and Indian fighter in the days before the removal of the Cherokees, Champ also became famous as a hunter. Standing more than six

feet tall, with very black hair and beard and a florid complexion, he was regarded as handsome and was, with his chivalrous manners, very popular with women. His first wife and an infant son died in 1846. Two years later he married Martha Owens, and they continued to live in the community of his birth until after the outbreak of the Civil War. In his own neighborhood he was known as a successful mountain farmer.

There have been violent differences of opinion regarding his character. During his trial in 1865 it was published by his enemies that for 20 years he had been known as "a gambling, rowdyish, drinking, fighting, quarrelsome man," but men who knew him in Kentucky in the days before the war had a different story to tell. A Kentuckian who throughout the war was an officer in the Union Army once remarked to me that Champ Ferguson was a better man than any of those who sat as a court to try him.

As war approached, men began to line up for the great struggle. Ferguson's brother Jim entered the Union Army, and all his family and most of his neighbors were Union sympathizers. Champ sold out and bought a farm in the Calfkiller Valley north of Sparta, Tennessee, hoping to live there in peace. But he was to know no peace, for the Calfkiller Valley was soon in great turmoil; people's sympathies were divided and men were losing all sense of fairness.



How he came to side with the Confederacy has never been known definitely, although many stories have been told about it. One account was that he was known in Kentucky as a Rebel sympathizer and that was the chief reason for his leaving there. Another story, believed in his lifetime and since, was to the effect that he told his wife he must decide one way or another and must go away to be by himself for a while until he could settle the question; so, taking the Bible with him, he went to a cave and spent several days in that safe retreat. According to this tale, when he returned home he found that a Lieutenant Smith with a band of Union men, some say sixteen, some say eleven, had been there while he was gone and had forced his wife and daughter, Ann, then a girl of twelve, to strip naked and in that condition prepare a meal for them and serve it, after which the two were forced to march out of doors still naked. Ferguson is said to have sworn a solemn oath that with his own hands he would kill every man in that group.

Those who believed the story said that he kept his vow, and certainly he must have had some compelling motive to cause him to expose himself to the great trouble and danger necessary to kill many of the men he killed. During his trial he was asked many

times about this story but he never would say it was true. When asked why he killed such a man, he would reply that the man deserved to die a long time ago. This much is admitted by most people, that there were certain men whom he pursued with relentless fury all through the way until he found and killed them. The last one of these to meet death at the hands of Ferguson was Lieutenant Smith, who was killed in his bed in the hospital at Emory and Henry College, in Virginia, on October 7, 1864. Having learned in some way that Smith was in the hospital wounded, Ferguson gained entrance by overpowering the guards. Taking only one companion with him, he went first to one room and then to another until he found his man. Walking over to where Smith lay and patting the barrel of his gun, he asked, "Do you see this, Smith?" then killed him. He is said to have told his companion, "Now I am through." It is commonly believed that Smith was the last of the gang who were said to have insulted Ferguson's wife and daughter.



Another story gives a different motive for Ferguson's deeds. According to this legend, he had bought his three-year-old son a Confederate flag, and while the little fellow was in front of the house waving it, some Federal soldiers came by and the little boy fell, pierced with many bullets at their hands. Ferguson in his rage and grief vowed he would make that deed cost the Yankees one hundred men. He is said to have boasted that he had more than kept his vow. But it is very much doubted if he himself knew how many men he had killed. Thurman Sensing (who published a book on Ferguson a few years ago) denies this last story and says that Ferguson's only son died before his marriage to his second wife, but the tale has been repeated by nearly all who have written of Ferguson and has become one of the legends of the Cumberland. Many old people who knew Ferguson well have said that he did have a little son by his second wife, and that the boy was killed as the story says.

According to another story, Ferguson was brooding over an indictment and the Tennessee authorities offered him immunity from trial if he would enlist in the Confederate army. This would be in keeping with the spirit of the times in which he lived. He did enlist in Captain Scott Bledsoe's company as a private, it is said at the personal solicitation of General Nathan Bedford Forrest, who visited in Sparta. But he was not long in this company. Very soon he set about organizing an independent company of which he was elected captain. He claimed to have authority from the War Department of the Confederate States to organize his company, but this

was disputed. However, it would have been in keeping with the policy of both governments for him to have been recognized as the head of an independent group. He claimed that he had a commission from the Confederate Government and that it was stolen by Federal soldiers. At his trial General Joe Wheeler testified that he was regarded by the Confederate Command as a Confederate officer, and it is known that his home on the banks of Calkiller was burned by Federal soldiers and all his property was carried off or destroyed.



If all the legends that grew up around Champ Ferguson were printed, it would require several volumes to contain them. Many of the stories told under oath at his trial are contradictory, and many of the legends that have grown up around him are also contradictory. There were more than forty references to him in the Official Records of the War Department and some of these leave one guessing as to what was true.

This much at least is known: that he served for a while as a private in the company of Captain Bledsoe; that he was at different times during the war connected with the commands of Generals Dibrell, Morgan, Wheeler and Williams; that for much of the time he operated under his own command and was generally regarded as a guerrilla chieftain; that from 1862 to the end of the war he was a terror to the Federals of Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia; that he often protected and defended oppressed Unionists while sometimes meting out swift and terrible punishment to Confederates. It is known that at times he had with him only a small number of men and at other times he had an army estimated at over six hundred; that he was fearless of personal danger; that he was often ruthless and cruel in dealing with the enemy; and that he possessed great cunning and shrewdness.

Rumors were spread far and wide that he was enriching himself out of wholesale plunder, and yet it is known that his family suffered much privation during the war and that at the end he was a very poor man who possessed only a mountain farm. He undoubtedly took much booty from the Federal army—horses, saddles, blankets and the like. It is known that he once took over five hundred horses from the Federal army at Kingston. He probably used all he took for the upkeep of his own forces. It was common knowledge in the Cumberlands that he often avenged the wrongs done to Confederate widows and the families of men away in the Confederate service. In some cases, at least, he captured and returned to the rightful owners property taken by Federal and Confederate

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guerrilla bands. It came to be widely known that a man who wronged him or his friends would have to pay the supreme penalty. He was in the habit of doing very surprising things to please his friends. Once he captured a Federal wagon supply train on Cumberland Mountain above Sparta. The next day he gave a feast for his men and invited the girls of Cherry Creek to attend, sending wagons for them. After the dinner was over there was a ball, following which he sent the girls safely home.



At the close of the war, he was the recognized leader of the Confederate forces in Southwestern Virginia. How or when he left Virginia is not definitely known, but something more than a month after the surrender of General Lee he was at his farm in White County, preparing to rebuild his home, which had been burned by Federal soldiers, and had hauled some lumber for the purpose. Then came his capture by Colonel Joseph Blackburn on May 26, 1865.

Probably the true story of his capture will never be known. According to the accounts there had been some correspondence—which disappeared and was never presented at the trial—and Ferguson and Blackburn met May 23 at a place agreed upon; there Ferguson's men had been paroled by Blackburn, but Ferguson himself was not paroled. Blackburn put him off until a later time and said that he would have to see General Thomas in Nashville before a parole could be arranged and promised to send for him when matters had been arranged. Three days later a detail of five men from Blackburn came to Ferguson's farm and found him at work and unarmed. He readily consented to go with them to Blackburn's headquarters at Alexandria, evidently expecting to be paroled and sent back home. But instead he was bound, tied to his horse, and taken to Nashville. There he was charged with the murder of 53 men, named in the indictment, and placed in the military prison to await trial before a military court. Such is the story. Ferguson had been declared an outlaw by the Federal authorities and an order given that he should not be allowed to surrender as a prisoner of war. This is definitely known. It is equally certain that Ferguson never knew of this order until he was brought to trial, else he would never have been taken alive.

The famous trial began July 11 and lasted till September 16. So great was the fear that he would escape or be rescued by his friends that he was placed in chains which may still be seen in the Tennessee Historical Society Collection in Nashville. A heavy

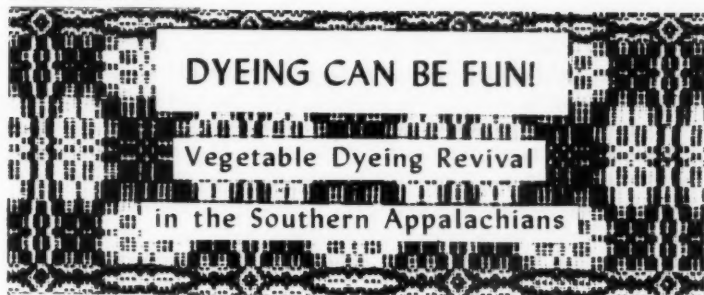
guard always accompanied him to and from the courtroom, and great crowds sometimes lined the streets to see him pass. The Judge Advocate challenged every statement which might have been of advantage to the prisoner and the challenge usually stood. The attorneys for the accused were often grossly insulted and in a manner that men of that day would not have taken except in a military court. The reports of the case as published in the Nashville newspapers (controlled at that time by military occupation forces) show what war can do to a free press.

After sentence was pronounced on October 10, an appeal was taken to President Andrew Johnson, but the president, having plenty of troubles of his own just then, refused to interfere with the decision of the court. Ferguson was hanged within the walls of the prison on October 20. Just before the execution his wife and daughter were permitted to see him. He ascended the scaffold with head up. "He appeared," reported one of the Nashville papers that had not been so bitter as the others, "like a man about to make a speech on some leading topic and had simply paused to refresh his memory." His last request was that his remains be placed in the coffin which stood nearby and turned over to his wife, to be taken back to White County. "I do not want to be buried," said he, "in such soil as this."

In the little cemetery in the heart of the valley he loved, the tall dark brown tombstone, with its crude lettering, stands as a memorial not only to Captain Ferguson but to a woman's love. Martha Ferguson brought her dead captain's body home in a wagon, a journey that normally required four days then, and she remained true to his memory. The daughter married a son of one of the old and honored families of the county.

Such is the story of one who was, in the opinion of his accusers, "a gambling, rowdyish, drinking, fighting, quarrelsome man," and in the opinion of others, a better man than any of his accusers. The account of the trial and the contradictory stories clustering around the name of Champ Ferguson are a testimony to what war can do to the spirit of man. END

PAUL E. DORAN DIED SHORTLY BEFORE THIS ACCOUNT APPEARED IN *Mountain Life & Work* IN 1944. FOR MANY YEARS HE WAS THE PASTOR AND LEADER OF THE POPULATION OF THE CALFKILLER VALLEY AREA IN WHITE COUNTY, TENNESSEE, LATER KNOWN AS THE BLUE SPRING PARISH, ONE OF THE LARGEST RURAL PARISHES IN AMERICA. HE WAS WIDELY KNOWN AS A DISTINGUISHED RURAL MINISTER, AND WAS ACTIVE IN THE WORK OF THE CONFERENCE OF SOUTHERN MOUNTAIN WORKERS (now the *Council of the Southern Mountains*). HIS AVOCATION WAS THE STUDY OF HISTORY, AND HE WAS AN AUTHORITY ON THE HISTORY OF MIDDLE TENNESSEE, AND ON THAT OF RELIGION IN THE APPALACHIAN SOUTH.



by Helen Bullard Krechniak

The vegetable dyer with imagination was—and is—a creative craftsman with all nature from which to choose her colors. Woods and fields have ever held hundreds of dyestuffs, some known, others untried, waiting for her magic touch to release their beauty.

Because the blue color produced by the "blue pot" method was fast to light and washing on both wool and cotton, this method of dyeing was once widely used. (The earliest known indigo-dyed fabric dates back to 3,000 B. C.) In the Southern Highlands as late as the 1920's a few blue pots—huge copper kettles containing a mysterious brew of indigo—were found at hearthsides and behind kitchen stoves. Some of them had been kept going for decades. Allen H. Eaton in "Handicrafts of the Southern Highlands" mentions one blue pot which had been kept in continuous use for ninety-four years. Another, still going, was started in 1797 and added to as needed. Indigo grew wild in the southern mountains, but it was easier to grow a patch of it in the kitchen garden, even though it was a "teejus" thing to tend.

According to a very old receipt, this was the way to start a blue pot: "To two gallon warm water add one pint lye from wood ashes. Mix one pint of madder with one pint wheat bran and a little water, enough to wet it. Put this in the bottom of the kettle with a white plate over it. Put the indigo in a thin cloth in the two gallon of water and when it is soft rub out the dye. Then put in the blue yeast saved from the last dyeing. Keep it warm—just milk warm—for four or five days without bothering it. [It was done when it gave off a foul odor and had a coppery scum on top.] At night draw hot ashes plumb around your kettle and in the daytime keep it setting by the hearth just lukewarm all the time.

"For a dark blue let the yarn lay in several hours. Take it

out and air it and put it back. Be sure to wet the goods before you put it in. Rench it in cold water when you take it out. If you want a light blue, dip it over and over till you have the right color."

For green, one process was this: "Peel off the bark of black-jack or black oak. Bile your bark as much as half an hour. Hit's awful strong. Take the bark out and have plenty of water in the kettle. Put in some alum and put your yarn in and bile it a while, maybe half an hour. Rench hit out and dip it in blue dye and then it's plime blank [exactly right]." Using two dyes was called over-dyeing and offered endless possibilities.

A housewife in the 18th or 19th century, or even earlier, who wanted some homespun wool dyed a handsome brass color had only to go out to the field and pick about a bushel of goldenrod flowers. She would boil them in water to cover for about fifteen minutes, strain and add several gallons of water for the dye bath.

Meantime she would have "mordanted" (This essential process was developed in India about 2,000 B. C.) her wool to help fix the color and prevent "bleeding." For this she dissolved potassium dichromate (secured from a peddler or from the general store) in cold, soft water and immersed the wet yarn in it. Standing over the pot as it gradually came to a boil, she stirred and turned the yarn all the time as it boiled gently for about an hour. Then she left the wool in the pot overnight and in the morning squeezed it from this bath, wrapped it in a dry towel and put it in a cool place.

When she was ready with the dye bath, she rinsed the wool well before popping it into the pot. The dyeing itself seemed easy after all these preliminaries, for it took but twenty minutes' boiling before the yarn could be rinsed and hung under the apple tree to dry.

The soft and luscious colors of vegetable dyeing were almost forgotten and almost lost in the eras of mineral, then coal-tar, dyes. Only American Indians, Eskimos, various foreign hand-crafters and a few women in the Southern Appalachians knew the secrets of natural dyes when about 1930 Isadora Williams, Marketing Specialist of the University of Tennessee Extension Service, petitioned Washington for help with vegetable dyeing. Miss Williams in her work with spinners, weavers and rug hookers had found a need for the subtler colors of natural dyes and had hunted down the vegetable dyers in the area to learn from them. Miss Sarah Dougherty of the Shuttlecrafters in Russellville, Tennessee, and Mrs. Emma Conley of Penland Weavers & Potters, Penland, North Carolina, were most helpful. Both of these women carried on a family tradition of dyeing, spinning, and in the case of Miss Dougherty, of weaving. Both gave invaluable help to the revival of

vegetable dyeing.

After Miss Williams had studied the work of these and other dyers and learned more of the processing under the instruction of Clementine Douglas of the Spinning Wheel shop in Asheville, North Carolina, she made application to the U. S. Department of Agriculture for help in improving the measurements and methods. In the early 1930's arrangements were made for the Bureau of Home Economics to loan its textile chemist, Margaret S. Furry, to the Washington, D. C., office of Agricultural Extension Service for two years in order that she might study vegetable dyes and make formulas for their use available to mountain craftsmen.

Her research materials were ancient herbals—many of them of foreign origin—a few magazine articles, the recipes long treasured by the old-time vegetable dyers, and a sheaf of notes taken down by Louise L. Pitman of the John C. Campbell Folk School. These notes comprised recipes and processing directions given to Miss Pitman by Wilmer Stone (Mrs. H. E. Scrope) Viner, who had come to Brasstown, North Carolina, in 1929 to teach her vegetable dyeing. Mrs. Viner had learned the art from Aunt Leah Smith who lived "down the creek" from Pine Mountain Settlement School where Mrs. Viner, then Wilmer Stone, fresh out of Vassar, was teaching. Aunt Leah opened to her the wonders of color locked in walnut hulls, sumac berries, hickory bark, sedge grass and the dye flowers, and Miss Stone was hooked. She continued to study natural dyes and to teach others, and to her belongs much of the credit for the revival of the art in the Southern Appalachians. Her article in Mountain Life & Work in April, 1930, was the earliest publication on the subject in this area. She is considered the final authority.

Using Mrs. Viner's notes and the other materials mentioned, Miss Furry made an extensive study of local barks, roots and berries. She ran tests of the most promising, tried out mordants, and then worked out proportions and methods of using the natural substances. She endeared herself to dyers present and future by greatly reducing the quantities of raw dyestuffs needed to produce the required color. The old ways, she found, had been prodigal and wasteful. Her conclusions, published first in a mimeographed booklet (1934) and in 1935 in the U. S. Government Miscellaneous Publication No. 230, "Home Dyeing with Natural Dyes," (with Bess M. Viemont) remains the basic work on the subject. With this publication the revival of natural dyeing achieved recognition as a craft and with more scientific background than most.

Miss Williams, who worked with Miss Furry in the field, became so fascinated with vegetable dyeing that she made it her own craft. Mrs. Viner, generally recognized as the master dyer,

works at dyeing and weaving in Tryon, North Carolina. Her pupil, Louise Pitman, carried on a vigorous dyeing program at the John C. Campbell Folk School until she became Executive Secretary of the Southern Highland Handicraft Guild in 1951. Fannie McLellan of the Folk School—who is the familiar figure at the dye pot and "Rainbow on a Clothesline" at the entrance to the Craftsman's Fairs of the SHHG each year—and Mary Frances Davidson of Oak Ridge, leading contemporary vegetable dyers, followed these pioneers. There are many others.

Although natural dyeing is a happy business full of luscious color wrought on sunny days in shining copper pots, for some odd reason the special terms the vegetable dyer uses all have a mournful sound. There is saddening which darkens a color by adding copperas, or dyeing in an iron kettle; mordanting, which fixes the color to the fabric by the use of alum, chrome, copperas or tannic acid; crocking, which is the rubbing off of excessive dyestuff; and spent, which is said of the dye bath when its coloring matter is exhausted. Mournful, aren't they? But after all, they are a part of dyeing! END

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Fannie McLellan at the dye pot.



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29

EDUCATION

MOUNTAIN MIGRANT MENTORS MATRICULATE REPORT: 3RD ANNUAL WORKSHOP ON URBAN ADJUSTMENT OF SOUTHERN APPALACHIAN MIGRANTS*

Eugene R. Porter

DIRECTOR OF HEALTH EDUCATION - CITY OF CINCINNATI

When I crossed the bridge from Cincinnati into Kentucky on my way to Berea for the 3rd Annual Workshop, I really felt at home. Some of the fondest memories of my childhood are of the back seat of a Model A Ford "going back home" on Route 25 south to Eastern Kentucky. Since I am a member of a migrated Southern Appalachian family, my cohorts in the Cincinnati Health Department wanted to know if I were going to "study hillbillies" or "be studied."

Upon my arrival at Berea, and after getting settled in Birmingham Dormitory on the college campus, I found out that I was there to study. And study we did. Mr. Ayer, Mr. Jones and Mrs. McCray had us going at a three-session-a-day pace from the first day on.

There are many factors which have influence on the success or failure of a workshop of this nature. This third workshop was a whopping success. A prime factor in its success was the drive and enthusiasm of the Council of the Southern Mountains staff and of all the resource people who came to work with us. I found this same enthusiasm when I talked to a staff physician at the Berea Hospital, during conversations with the student secretaries of the Council, at the home of Ralph Marcum (a fiddle-playing school teacher), with the sales clerks at the College Gift Shop, in fact, with everyone I met who was in any way connected with the workshop, the college, the town or the Council. They are convinced that the people of the southern mountains are good people and deserving of every chance toward a better life.

Our group of participants came together as strangers, each with his own somewhat distorted concept of the southern, white, Protestant mountaineer. We were from many diverse situations in our cities. We were social workers, teachers, religious leaders, a newspaperman, a disc-jockey turned professor, Travelers Aid people, and, not to forget myself, a health educator. After living, eating, traveling, dancing and drinking coffee together for two and a half weeks, we became very close friends. We also

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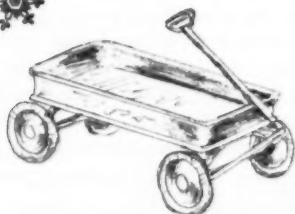
became convinced that somewhere in the fund of knowledge about the mountaineer were to be found many keys to the problems of urbanization of the Southern Appalachian migrants.

The resource people provided for us also represented a complete cross section of knowledgeable people from academic circles, professional practitioners of the mountains, and typical, stereotype status persons who live in the mountains. From the academic circles we met rural sociologists, behavior scientists, and representatives of state agencies. Each presented his concept of the mountaineer as to his past, present and future. The professional practitioners were represented by a county health officer, a county superintendent of schools, a group of school teachers, and others. The third group, which I class as typical, stereotype status persons, are the ones who presented some of the most basic, down-to-earth keys for us to consider. I refer to the county sheriff, the mayor, the fiddler, the folk singers, the story teller, the writers, and the square dance caller. These people served as catalysts to tie the teachings of the academic and professional down to real, living, breathing people.

For three days our group scattered to the four winds to visit isolated areas of the mountains. Here we were able to go into the homes of mountaineers, to talk with people, to gain firsthand knowledge of conditions which exist today in the mountains. I will never forget the deputy sheriff, or the county judge, or the county lawyer, or the Frontier Nurses that we met on our trip to Leslie, Clay and Perry Counties. I wonder about the effect that one of our beautiful gals had on the young mountain boy that escorted them through a coal mine—and, conversely, the effect he had on her thinking and, carrying it further, what this experience will mean to the Southern Appalachian migrants in her home city.

As all good things do, this workshop ended, and I migrated back to the cement "hollers" and brick "mountains" of Cincinnati. Since my return, I have written a few words for my public health associates, given a talk for supervising public health nurses, and have been invited to sit in on case discussions of the Industrial Mental Hygiene Commission. Our team of workshop graduates is working toward a building of knowledge about the Southern Appalachian migrants and applying this knowledge to the problems that exist. Each city now has the nucleus of an enlightened "team" which, with new blood added each year, can build a comprehensive program for the Urban Adjustment of Southern Appalachian Migrants. END

Christmas for the Bush Family



by Tulamae Coble

It was only a few weeks before Christmas that I received a long-distance call from the pastor's wife at the Seventh Day Adventist Church in London, Kentucky. "Will you make a Jeep call for me?" she asked. When I asked the details, this is the story she told me.

There is a little seven-year-old boy in Clay County who had written a letter to Washington Missionary College, Washington, D. C., telling them that his father has cataracts on both eyes. He wanted a nice Christmas for his family, and wished to send holly and mistletoe from the mountains around his home in exchange for gifts to make Christmas a happier time at his home. Washington Missionary College was interested in investigating this family further, and requested a report back by phone as to the conditions and worthiness of this family.

It was Sunday, and since the roads were bad and my husband was not teaching school, together we set out to find Donnie Bush, aged seven, of Peabody, Kentucky.

We first visited the teacher of Elk Creek two-room school, where we learned that both Donnie and his brother Freddie were in the first grade. She was delighted with the idea of helping to give these boys a Merry Christmas. She also told us that Mr. Bush was highly respected in his community. We liked everything she told us, so we set out for Rice's Fork to visit the family.

Mrs. Bush was a quiet, timid person, and quite embarrassed over the whole project. "I didn't dream," she told us, "that they would go to any trouble." Then she continued with a story which added up to something like this:

Her husband was a hard-working man and had provided well for the family of four by working in the "logging woods." They had bought a small piece of land and had built the home they now lived in, a small four-room mountain cottage which was immaculately clean.

It had been only a year before that the field worker where her husband worked had noted that he had apparent difficulty with his vision. Upon close examination it was discovered that Mr. Bush was almost totally blind due to cataracts which had formed on both his eyes. He was forced to stop his regular work and adjust to the fact that he was to be dependent on the \$41.00 a month received from State Welfare.

As Christmas drew near they could see no hope of making their children's wishes come true. "Although my husband didn't think much of the idea," she told us, "I looked in the big dictionary and from the back of it chose the name of this college to write the letter to." Again she repeated, "I didn't dream they would go to any trouble."

After much coaxing before we left, we learned from the boys that their only wish for Christmas was a red wagon. They couldn't think of anything else.

By phone we reported what we had found to Washington Missionary College, and we didn't have to wait long to see their wonderful response.

The Dean of the College presented the story in Chapel one day, and the students were thrilled! The Boys Dormitory Club asked if they might send the boys a new wagon each. An offering was taken in Chapel and, when matched by the Student Association, amounted to \$212.42. When I received two checks in the mail, one to buy a new wagon for Donnie and Freddie, the other for the "family of Donnie Bush," I was completely overwhelmed!

Right away I got in touch with Barbara Thurlow, the Director of Nurses at the Oneida Mountain Hospital and a graduate of Washington Missionary College, and together we started for Rice's Fork with wonderful news for the family. We took a trip to Manchester that afternoon, and went straight to Western Auto with Donnie, Freddie and Mrs. Bush. I wish the men of Washington Missionary College could have been rewarded for their kindness by seeing the shining eyes of those boys, as we helped them choose the biggest, reddest, shiniest wagons in the store—one for each boy. Mrs. Bush told me later that Freddie was up before daylight the next morning riding his wagon by the porch light.

Together with Mr. and Mrs. Bush, we carefully planned just how we could use the gift for the family to the best advantage. First of all, dental checkups and much needed dental work for the family, then payment in full for the new gas stove they had been paying for on the installment plan (out of their small allowance), plaster board to make their cabin warmer and brighter inside,

and even an ironing board for Mrs. Bush instead of the small table she had covered and always used. Then new shirts for the boys to wear to school and games and coloring books for days the snow is too deep for them to get out of the hollow to go to school.

Did the Bush family have a Merry Christmas? Indeed they did, and just because (as Mr. Bush says) the most wonderful people on earth shared the Christmas Spirit. END

The above report is one of many made by the Jeep nurses working out of Oneida Mountain Hospital, Oneida, Kentucky. These Jeep nurses are financed by the Appalachian Fund, and serve a large and rugged area in the eastern part of the state. Look for an article on them in the Spring '62 issue of Mountain Life & Work.

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A HANDY CHECK-LIST FOR MOUNTAIN WORKERS

When Mountain Life & Work writer, Mary Wolcott Wright, (*The Tunnel, Miss Lilly and the Bee, The Departure, Corby*) was hired recently by the Presbyterian Child Welfare Agency at Buckhorn, Kentucky, it was necessary for her to move her possessions from New Hampshire where she was Child Welfare Field Supervisor for the Welfare Department of that state. This presented no special problem except for the fact that her transportation consisted of a small (though willing) Volkswagen sedan. Undaunted by the odds, Miss Wright proceeded to stow her belongings on top of and into this mechanical burro. The following list would seem to dispute the adage, "He who takes up another's burden, lightens his own."

electric heater, toaster and iron	bed
4 medium-size pictures for wall	table
large Czech glass cake dish	2 mops
2 Turkish rugs, one 6x8 ft.	umbrella
blankets, sheets, towels	75 books
cat and box of sand	footstool
parakeet in cage	3 pillows
clothes in box	phonograph
3 road maps	wall mirror
mouse cage	box of papers
typewriter	overnight case
comforter	dog and dog food
mattress	bric-a-brac in a box
suitcase	box of extra records
dishpan	one large framed picture
radio	kitchen utensils and dishes
chair	record cabinet full of records



Behind a building at Buckhorn sits a small Volkswagen sedan—sulking.



THAT THE PEOPLE MAY KNOW

*Ambrose Caliver
President-Elect
Adult Education Association*

In the threatening world of today, the questions before this nation are urgent and dangerous.

The advance of science has let loose enormous forces which give us a great new power over material things, with which we have the possibility of improving the health, the well-being, and the productive ability of human beings the world over. These same forces, on the other hand, are capable of creating a riot of destruction which can end all life.

Against that stark background, we have embarked upon every program involving our national interest since the end of the second World War. We have dispensed foreign aid on a scale hitherto undreamed of in the history of the world, we have drafted our youth in peacetime, built up our armed forces, ringed the world with military bases, created the United Nations, fought a police action in Korea, negotiated with the enemy at the summit, made cultural exchanges, built up the Voice of America, entered the race for space, suspended nuclear testing, discussed disarmament, lowered tariffs, raised the ceiling on the national debt, and taxed our citizens to pay for all this, and more.

Admittedly, these things have had a profound effect upon what we call "our way of life." Some of the results have been good, some bad. But none has brought us the peace for which we yearn. Today, in spite of all of our efforts, ugly theories of world conquest are rampant again, and we encounter the threat of war at every turn.

Increasingly we turn to our government to save us from our problems. But the government must come to us for the answers. Ours is a government which rests for guidance upon the people. In the absence of that guidance, the government cannot function as the Constitution intended.

However, the problems which the government must cope with are complex and menacing, and grow more so all the time. If the advice which comes from the people is not soundly based upon facts and understanding of the issues, it may not be helpful advice, but dangerous.

At the same time, if the people abdicate their responsibility to guide their government, because they do not know enough about the problems to do so, we are in grave danger of losing our freedom and our form of government altogether.

In an effort to help close the gap between what the people know and what they need to know to function effectively as citizens in these perilous times, the Adult Education Association of the U. S. A. has prepared plans for thirteen half-hour television programs, covering major problem areas from which our national and international crises spring.

"Both sides of controversial questions will be presented," states the Adult Education Association in announcing the series. "Our aim is not to influence you to take sides, but rather to help our American people to learn what they need to know, in order that they may act to preserve and extend our freedom."

The topics for the series were selected on the basis of recommendations from the nation-wide membership of the Adult Education Association, in order to assure that they would be subjects of genuine public concern. Moreover, the educational values will be protected by supervision and guidance of experts within the AEA, and others cooperating with us. Technical production will be in the hands of Theodore Granik, producer of the radio and television shows, "Youth Wants to Know" and "American Forum of the Air." Thus, there is assurance that they will meet highest standards of television and broadcasting practice.

The first program is now complete and is being distributed to local leaders who have volunteered to take the initiative in arranging for its use in their areas. The title is "The Quest for Peace." The participants are Senator Barry Goldwater (Republican, of Arizona), and Senator Hubert Humphrey (Democrat, of Minnesota). Panel members are AEA President Dr. Abbott Kaplan (University of California, Los Angeles), and Dr. James D. Atkinson (Georgetown University), author of the recent book, "The Edge of War."

As may be guessed from this line-up of performers, the discussion is lively and provocative, and should help listeners to understand some of the problems involved in this grave area. Other subjects to be dealt with in the series include:

- THE ROOTS OF CRISIS — (*What are some of the underlying problems, out of which are springing the repeated crises which face the American people today?*)
- SCIENCE: THE AGENT OF CHANGE — (*How has the impact of science brought about the crisis in human society today?*)
- PROTEST OF THE WORLD'S POOR — (*Is government-to-government the best way to conduct aid programs for nations which are emerging from long apathy and resignation to being classed as backward?*)
- OUR JOBS AND THE WORLD'S POCKETBOOK — (*Instead of finding new ways of distributing the world's increasing wealth, are we clinging to old economic patterns of restriction to match the available market?*)
- OLD-STYLE POLITICS IN A NEW-MODEL WORLD — (*Has twentieth-century science made nineteenth-century politics obsolete?*)
- UNITED NATIONS — (*Toward world government? Is this good or bad?*)
- POPULATION EXPLOSION — (*Causes? Results? Should we support birth-control education as a government policy to be dispensed with our aid programs?*)
- MOBILITY — (*Transportation and communication have reached the stage of development that whatever affects one nation for good or ill quickly affects all nations. What can we do to cope with economic and social strains which result from this? From the mixing of cultures and peoples strange to each other? From burgeoning cities?*)
- MORALITY — (*Is it an outmoded concept that some things are right and others are wrong? Will strengthening the moral fiber of our people in the traditional sense help us to prevail over the forces which threaten us, or would it be better to adjust our ideas of morality, as some have suggested, so that we can more easily understand and deal with peoples in different parts of the world who have different standards?*)
- HUMAN RELATIONS — (*Is discrimination a manifestation of fear? If so, what are the fears of those who discriminate because of religion? Race? What can be done to change prejudices?*)
- EDUCATION — (*Why is formal education in crisis? What should the schools be expected to do? Where have they failed? Should free public education be extended beyond high school? If so, for whom, and how far?*)
- IS DEMOCRACY FEASIBLE IN THE SPACE AGE? — (*What are the weaknesses of a system which depends upon people who have difficulty keeping themselves informed? Is there a threat offered by totalitarian systems which have no concern with participation of the people? What adaptation does our system need to make it more operable under modern conditions? What can be done to improve lifelong learning by our people, as the vital ingredient to effective democratic action?*)

The usefulness of the programs will, of course, depend upon the arrangements which are made for their showing in communities all over the country. In most cases, the initial use will probably be as a telecast over local television stations. A subsequent and important use will be presentation of the films at meetings of organizations, schools, or other appropriate gatherings.

A single program costs \$15,000 to produce, which places the total cost for the series well beyond the financial possibilities of a non-profit, voluntary organization, such as the Adult Education Association and others like us who may join in this venture. However, in the face of a public need so great, it was determined that a way must be found to finance the project. That way is the combined, cooperative efforts of community groups, or the assistance of a philanthropic individual or organization or business firm. As the first step, a grant was obtained from an anonymous friend of adult education to defray the costs of writing, producing and filming the first program, so that those who would be responsible for making local arrangements for using the series could have something to show when they undertook the succeeding steps of the plan.

We are already sending the film of the first program to those who are prepared to take action with local television stations, business firms, or other institutions to see if they can persuade them to order the remaining twelve of the series at a cost of \$150 each. As soon as one hundred orders are received, production of the balance of the programs will be undertaken.

It seems to us that local television stations and sponsors will recognize this series as a "good buy." They will, after all, be asked to pay only \$150 for a show which costs \$15,000 to produce, and which will offer talent of national and world-wide prominence, not normally available for local programs. There will be the standard two one-minute spots for recognition of local sponsors.

It is perhaps clear to the reader by now the purpose of these transcends the usual television program or public affairs activity. Our nation—indeed, our world—is in a state of chronic crisis. The events of our time threaten destruction to all we have known and understood in the past. We are groping to find our way in an era for which we are ill-prepared.

No single project can solve all of our difficulties, of course. But it is certain that no progress will be made until the people know and understand the issues involved. Let us recognize that there is no political force greater than an informed people who have a will to succeed.

It is the hope of the Adult Education Association in offering this series of television programs that they will be used in communities across the land, in every way that is right and natural to each area where they are shown, to advance understanding and knowledge by the American people of the major issues which confront us as a nation. END

—MOUNTAINS NEARS—

Scattered throughout the mountains of the Appalachian South are numerous small-town weekly newspapers, many of them quiet, serene chronicles of rural flavor disturbed occasionally by reports of local misdemeanors and sometimes openly perturbed by such things as local politics, property taxes and bond issues.

Here and there in this Elysian field of journalism can be found an occasional weed which, by virtue of its loud colors and nettles provides a sharp contrast for the jaded literary stroller.

These newspapers, full of syntactical free-wheeling and windmill-tilting, are the bull-horns of *Sleepy Hollow*; disturbers of the peace of mind. With their literary heel-plates clacking through the hallowed halls, hunt-and-peck's bad boys sally forth armored in naivete and mounted on a bull rampant in a field of public apathy.

What they see is reported in a fashion which, while not always literary, is always literal. You don't have to know the people or places they write about to enjoy the subject matter and the flavor. You don't have to agree with them to appreciate their spunk. And once in a while, no matter how you stand on issues, you're bound to say, "Well, it's about time somebody said that!"

If you want to enjoy real mountain news of the type that can make a nation chuckle and think (and sometimes sass back), try the two publications listed below. No doubt there are others of equal caliber and range. If so, we'd like to hear about them.

THE WEST VIRGINIA HILLBILLY

A newspaper published weekly at Richwood for West Virginians in particular and hill-loving people everywhere.

J. Franklin Comstock and Bronson McClung, Publishers
10¢ a copy — \$5.00 a year.

THE WILLIBA KNOTHOLER

A monthly (and sometimes oftener) newspaper (of sorts) published by Clennie Hollon at R. 2, Beattyville, Kentucky.

10¢ a copy — \$1.50 a year.

Warren Wilson College:

An Introduction to America

by

Dr. Fuad Abu-Zayyad



It was late in the afternoon on July 7, 1953, when a DC-6 Capital Airliner taxied down the Asheville runway, marking the last stop of a two-day flight covering 5,000 miles for Julia Khalaf and Fuad Abu-Zayyad, two students from Jordan coming to the United States for their higher education.

The ground was wet and the atmosphere fresh and inviting, making the perfect welcome for two fatigued travelers from a dry land. After collecting their baggage, Fuad and Julia sped away in a taxi to make their home for the next two years in the Swannanoa Valley at Warren Wilson College.

They had been briefed adequately as to what to expect, but nevertheless, being so far away from home, a sense of anxiety was inevitable. The first striking feature that made quite an impression on these students was the informality of the college atmosphere. The teachers ate with the students in the dining room, where meals were all served family-style, and joined in the square-dance rallies every Friday night—this feature and others provided a congenial and comfortable atmosphere that is very seldom found in institutions of higher learning. Having been used to a more formal student-teacher relationship and a more rigid school environment, this was a pleasant and welcome change paving the way for smooth adjustments.

Warren Wilson students come from all over the world. Here they are brought together to study and play, to work and appreciate. Here is where racial, ethnic, religious and other barriers are pulled down, and the spirit of belonging to a single world is inculcated and experienced. Here is where Warren Wilson upholds the

AMERICAN tradition of the "melting pot"—the melting pot of ideas, values and customs; the amalgamation of the spirits of nationalism and internationalism. These abstract words, so often abused, so often misunderstood, cover high ideals and strong emotions, reflect modes of thought and action which shape our world.

We often see the word "nationalism" used in a derogatory sense. The same is true of the word "internationalism." When nationalism connotes, for example, a "go-it-alone" isolationism, and internationalism an outlook which belittles the significance of national life and of nations as centers of political action and spiritual tradition, the words become contradictory and the attitudes they describe irreconcilable. From such interpretations of the words comes the tendency to think of nationalism as in fundamental conflict with international attitude.

But other interpretations lead to quite different results. Nationalism and internationalism, when understood as meaning recognition of the value and the rights of the nation, and of the dependence of the nation on the world, represent essential parts of the mental and spiritual equipment of all responsible men in our time. Everybody today with part of his being belongs to one country, with its specific traditions and problems, while with another part he has become a citizen of a world which no longer permits national isolation. Seen in this light there could not be any conflict between nationalism and internationalism, between the nation and the world.

The question is not either the nation or the world. It is, rather, how to serve the world by service to the nation, and how to serve the nation by service to the world. This, in essence, is the spirit of Warren Wilson College—service to the nation and to the world.

Among the most valuable features of this college is its work



FUAD (RIGHT) AND KOREAN FRIEND WORKED IN THE DAIRY.

program. At Warren Wilson all students work. The work program is geared in such a way that when one group of students is in the classroom, the others are at work, and vice versa. The faculty works side by side with the students on the farm, in the print shop, in the dairy and on other work crews. By this example, those who have never experienced the beauty of working with their hands come to appreciate this feeling that not only enriches the mind but permeates the body. This is one of the deep satisfactions experienced in one of the most beautiful corners of the world—the Swannanoa Valley.

For Fuad and Julia Warren Wilson College was more than just a passing phase of schooling or a temporary home—it was an introduction to America at its best. END

Dr. Abu-Zayyad received his Ph. D. degree from Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy and is now teaching in the Political Science Department at Berea College, from which he was graduated in 1957.



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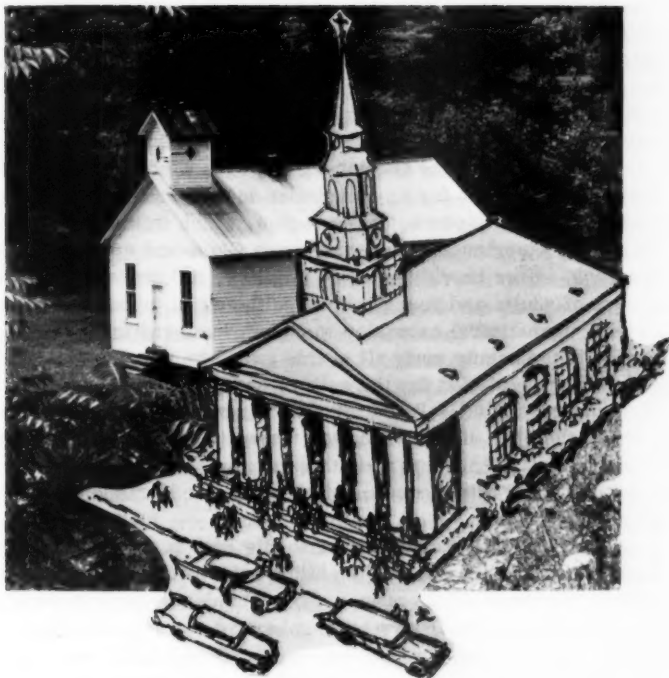
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SOCIOLOGY



MOUNTAIN—CITY INTERCHANGE a different approach to understanding

EUGENE SMATHERS

As a contribution to a climate of understanding which will enable the church, both in the mountains and in the urban centers to which mountain people migrate, to cope more effectively with the problems created by migration, the Board of National Missions and the Synod of Ohio, the United Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., has made possible an interchange between urban and rural pastors, in which I have been involved personally. As a pilot project situations were selected on the basis of their direct relationship to the movement of people from south to north, so that the urban pastor would visit a rural community or region in the mountains from which a sizable number of families moved to the section

of the city in which his church is located, and the rural pastor in this mountain community would then visit the same church in the city. The Big Lick parish in Tennessee and a parish in West Virginia were paired with an inner-city church in Cleveland, Ohio, because many people had moved from these areas to Cleveland; and for the same reason Morris Fork in Eastern Kentucky was paired with an inner-city church in Dayton, Ohio.

After attending the Gatlinburg conference of the Council of the Southern Mountains for an orientation to the general life and culture, problems and prospects, of the region, which in itself was an enlightening experience, the pastor from Cleveland spent ten days in Big Lick. Here he visited many families, had conferences with groups of adults and young people, with school principals and counselors, agricultural extension workers, business and professional people in the county seat; all of this gave him new insights into and a larger appreciation for the culture and potentialities of a people often called "hillbilly," and for the values which they take with them to the city, if and when they move. There were opportunities to explore ways in which and other institutions at both ends of the migration trail might create better mutual understanding and greater respect.

The first-time urban visitor to Big Lick is in for some surprises: the high caliber of the children and young people; the occupational diversity of its open-country residents; the leadership provided for county affairs by members of a small mountain church, and the type and quality of the church program itself; the diminishing isolation and the impact of rapid social and economic change; the problems created by the outmigration of youth and young adults due chiefly to the lack of job opportunities. By personal acquaintance with mountain people within their own region the visitor sees that now they are part of the mainstream of American life and, given decent opportunities, will fulfill their part with dignity and effectiveness. A stereotype is replaced by respect and appreciation.

Later the pastor of the church in Big Lick spent ten days in Cleveland and experienced firsthand the complexities of urban society and gained a larger appreciation of the problems and opportunities of an inner-city church, as it seeks to minister to all the people within its reach. He had various opportunities to try to interpret the culture patterns and values of mountain people, to discuss the problems of adjustment which they meet in the city, and the ways in which the church might be of help to them, as he met with church leaders, settlement house workers, and others. He saw the splendid results of neighborhood organization programs

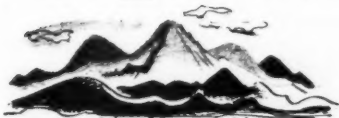
sponsored by the city, and learned that of all the newcomers the mountain family is the most difficult to reach. To the pastor of the church in Big Lick, with its background of community organization and cooperation, this was a considerable surprise. Perhaps the explanation is the limited organizational experience provided by most mountain communities. Another shock was the class structure of urban Protestantism. A church planner put it bluntly when he said: "When the Roman Catholic goes to church it is for a religious purpose; when the Protestant goes to church it is a status symbol." This explains, in part, the difficulty which the urban church has in reaching newcomers from the mountains. So the mountain pastor's visit to the city was a useful adventure in understanding, and provided new insights as he seeks to guide his people as they take their place in the mainstream of American life.

While in Cleveland an evaluation conference on this mountain-city interchange was held, with most of the people involved present. There was general agreement that the experience so far warranted its extension to other cities and states to which mountain people move, and to an exchange between lay people as well as pastors. It was agreed that any inner-city pastor involved in such an interchange should first attend the Gatlinburg conference of the Council of the Southern Mountains.* It was also felt that it would be valuable to have seminary students from the mountains serve as summer workers and internes in inner-city churches.

From personal experience in this adventure in understanding certain convictions have been deepened regarding the responsibility of those of us who live and work in the mountain region:

1. The need to emphasize and re-emphasize the necessity of more and better education for our children and youth.
2. The need to provide our people with greater experience in community organization and cooperation.
3. The need for an understanding of the Church as the universal Body of Christ, and not just a local organization.
4. The need to provide our young people with larger opportunities for inter-cultural and interracial relationships.
5. Greater effort to develop local resources and thus slow down the flow of migrants from our communities and region. END

*Register now for the next Conference—February 20-24, 1962.



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Whittling a Problem Down to Size

A train of events puts Kentucky crafts
on the right track.

by R. F. Connor

Ever since the decline of the coal industry Eastern Kentucky has been licking its wounds. Economically bedridden, it was long listed under "critical"; the specialists, after examining the case, had sadly nodded their heads. But there are always those whose philosophy is based upon optimism and although the "patient" lingered in a seemingly hopeless coma, it was not without a virtual litany of possible cures being intoned by well-wishers: new industries, better roads, better schools, flood control, water impoundments for fishing, the development of the travel industry—each of them based upon sound reasoning and requiring awesome amounts of money. And whenever money is involved in the improvement of something, the proposal for the improvement automatically becomes about 90% theory.

Kentucky, a state which has been at the top of the list of those areas which are economically at the bottom of the barrel, has given due consideration to all the above recommendations and is doing something about them in spite of the awesome amounts of money required. But much more than this, the state has literally turned back to its pioneer heritage to find a means by which the people of its depressed areas can be helped economically by a hand-up instead of a hand-out. The answer is: handcrafts; the making by hand of items which are useful, beautiful, salable and which can be made in the home with simple tools.

The sale of hand-crafted merchandise has long been an economic mainstay in the tourist belt of the Appalachian South, that storied region of the Great Smokies. Yet Kentucky, with its history rooted in pioneer ingenuity, was actually importing handcraft items to sell in its state parks.

Within the last year, recognition was given to its own craftsmen

through the formation of the Kentucky Guild of Artists & Craftsmen. This was an ambitious undertaking and although a small nucleus of artists and craftsmen were available as a

vanguard membership,

the task of surveying the craft poten-

tial of the state lay ahead. But the need for this was obvious. In addition, there was required an appraisal of promotional devices, the establishment of quality standards, the setting of price ceilings, the design of an emblem, the planning of long-range goals of the Guild, the assuring of adequate marketing outlets—all the myriad details of organizing clamored for attention and action.

By the end of February 1961, when charter memberships closed, the Guild had 385 artists and craftsmen on its roster (it now has over 500) and it was plainly evident that Kentucky's handicrafts had suffered a stepchild status long enough; the craftsmen, the quality, the markets were there, a sense of purpose and unity had been established and a program of promotion was heading toward something unique—an Arts & Crafts Train.

To understand how this quiet steam-roller of an organization could go so far so fast, it is necessary to know some background facts relating to Kentucky's emergence in the field of craft and tourist promotion.

For a state to achieve some definable status as a tourist or craft area a number of circumstances must "mesh." For instance, it is not enough to have good state parks; there must be good roads leading to them. Good roads alone will only lead tourists to out-of-state destinations. To carry it even further, it is not enough to have good roads, good state parks, good craft shops, and good fishing, unless you have real hospitality and tourist service.

Thus, two imposing tasks—construction and education—had to be fulfilled in a reasonably close time relationship to give the fullest assurance of success. But while road construction and improvement has always been (and probably will be) an integral factor in state growth, the psychology of tourist-catering, as a subject for formal consideration, is as new as Kentucky's recently created



Division of Arts and Crafts in the Department of Economic Development. Again the coincidence of mutually-beneficial factors: state promotion of native handcrafted items, and the training of sales personnel to achieve something beyond sales income—that most valuable of all assets—word-of-mouth advertising by the tourists themselves.

Here then, almost concurrently with the formation of the Arts & Crafts Guild, was a co-ordination of efforts by separate State Divisions of Travel, Promotion, and Arts & Crafts, as well as by local Chambers of Commerce to institute a series of "Hospitality Clinics" to be held in those communities favored by tourist traffic. Waitresses, service station attendants, businessmen, anyone whose work brought them into contact with the traveling public, were given the ABC's of basic human relationships, simple but vital information on how to satisfy a customer, how to create an atmosphere of friendliness, the importance of a smile. Once an awareness of these factors was created it would mean that state-wide promotion of tourist attractions would go forward not only at the state-chamber of commerce-communications media level but at the man-on-the street level. (The enthusiasm of one sales person for a local attraction can make the best billboard look like a business card.)

Under the impetus of such positive actions the state has drastically changed its status and its outlook. The records of other localities clearly indicate the formidable financial impact of the tourist dollar, particularly on the small businessman who is wise enough to cater to it. It can help families whose hopes for future security are being wasted on a dream of new industry coming into the area. It can profit anyone with new craft ideas and know-how. And most important, the tourist dollar can benefit many community businesses before it finally comes to rest in the bank.

With these facts as an outline for the continuing job of educating and otherwise preparing individuals and communities to meet the growing tourist traffic, a unique idea was put forth by Mrs. Lawrence T. Minish, of Louisville. An artist who has shown in the Museum of Contemporary Craft in New York, Mrs. Minish made a study of artmobiles operating over highways in several other states. Why not one for Kentucky? It was a good idea but too costly. And the idea would certainly have died right there had not the Louisville & Nashville Railroad made a fantastic offer of two train cars to be used for the purpose of exhibition and demonstration wherever community interest and a railroad siding could be found. Thus, Mrs. Minish's idea became railborne and a "first" for Kentucky was in the offing.

Personnel at the Kentucky Rail Museum at Louisville converted a baggage coach to an exhibition gallery with special lighting and glass cases for craft items; a passenger coach was sent to Berea where personnel from the College's Industrial Arts Department fitted it with equipment for the demonstration of woodworking, ceramics, weaving and other crafts. This car was also fitted with an apartment to serve as the home of the instructor who was to travel with the train.



The Kentucky Guild Train was formally inaugurated at Hazard on September 16th when Governor Combs cut the ribbon and thereby opened the way for schoolchildren, craftsmen, teachers and anyone else interested to see fine original paintings and sculpture, weavings, pottery, woodworking, ceramics and a myriad other art and craft objects they might otherwise never see.

The train is now in business. Not only is it bringing people into visual contact with art treasures, but educating them to a better understanding of the more strange forms of modern art. In addition, the train provides a clinic for craftsmen seeking new ideas, new techniques, and, with the latest equipment, the train offers full facilities for demonstration and instruction.

The nation's first arts and crafts train is tentatively scheduled for 15 Kentucky communities which have eagerly requested it.

The L & N Railroad stands ready to hitch the two cars to the first freight headed in the right direction.

* * * * *

This successful—and phenomenal—growth of craft recognition and utilization in Kentucky affords an outstanding example of coordinated effort backed by imagination and enthusiasm.

More than 30 firms contributed materials with which to furnish and decorate the train; the Kentucky Guild of Artists and Craftsmen helped bring the train project from an idea to a reality; the L & N Railroad made the venture possible by deeding the cars to the state; the state, in turn, is providing \$20,000 for the first year's operation; galleries loaned works of art for the traveling exhibit; the Department of Economic Development signed a contract with the Guild setting up a research-promotional project as a joint venture with the Departments of Parks, Information and Education.

* * * * *

Research/promotion, vital to the future of the craft industry in Kentucky, has already borne fruit. Since the establishment of the Division of Arts & Crafts and of the Guild, seven new industries have been started, most of them in the economically depressed Eastern section of the state. They range from basketry through



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It is paradoxical that Kentucky's surge toward economic betterment should take place in a field that was perhaps most ignored previously and which, on the other hand, existed as a potential from the beginning of the state's history. Perhaps it was a case of not being able to see the carvings for the shavings.

It may have been that crafts, as such, were too close to home, too integral a part of the local culture to be counted for real economic potential. When one thinks of progress one thinks of the new, whether it be new roads, new schools, new industries. But "new" encompasses new methods and procedures which can be applied to old operations. In the case of handcrafts, the "new" took the form of organization, of a formal recognition of the market value of the talent, ingenuity, imagination and skill of native craftsmen who, with help, could be not only self-supporting, but who could provide the state with native products, offset the incongruous importation of similar items, contribute to state tax income and provide an important attraction to supplement the state's travel promotion efforts.

That it should happen now, at this point in history, when better roads, new fishing lakes, improved state parks, hospitality clinics, Guild organization and the Arts & Crafts Train are unified through common goals, can leave no doubt as to the new significance behind the word "progress" from now on. END

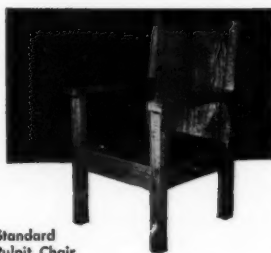
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Brave Candle in the Dark

Alice J. Kinder

My aunt is slowly dying of cancer. Almost two years ago the doctor said she had only six months to live. Yet she is still lying quietly, resigned and uncomplaining, in her small, unpainted cottage up a lonely fork of our mountain valley.

Since she has been ill I have been to see her often. I have gone to visit her in the early spring when the daylight hours began to lengthen the hem of the day, when farmers started turning up the rusty-brown soil in wavy furrows, when frogs started croaking in the dank swampy ponds. Springtide in the Kentucky mountains is the most glorious time of the year, I would think as I walked up the curving, rocky road, the period when the countryside begins her awakening after a long, soothing hibernation. How my aunt used to enjoy "picking salad" in the early days of spring, when slender, notched dandelions and plantain opened their buds and leaves to the pale spring sunshine. I can still see her as she was in my childhood, roaming over the rocky fields and meadows with her bucket swinging on her arm. I recall breezy spring afternoons when my sister and I would visit our cousins and Auntie would entice us to remain for supper. A long table with a wooden bench behind it stood near the comforting iron stove propped up on heavy blocks. We children often raced to secure a seat on that coveted old bench. From the steaming stove my brown-eyed, laughing aunt placed huge bowls of greens, pickled beans, and cooked pork on the table. There would be chunks of yellow cornbread and tall glasses of buttermilk. We ate and laughed and told jokes. And Auntie joined in the fun. How welcome she made us feel, and how glad we were to be there!

I have gone to see her on long summer days when the young birds began showing defiance of parental influence, when the cornfields drooped for lack of rain, when weeds grew rank along the dusty road, and when youths hastened through their hoeing to slip off and go fishing. As I walked up the worn path, the sun would be shining mercilessly on the narrow back porch. Uncle would be

sitting there in the sunshine, apparently feeling very warm in his heavy suit of winter clothes which he had not taken the trouble to doff in honor of the summer season.

"How's Auntie?" I would shout to him, leaning close to his ear because of his deafness.

"About the same," he'd reply, in his sky-blue eyes the look of a lost child, a look which he has worn all during his wife's illness.

Then I'd look for Auntie around the corner of the porch where



Auntie's view from the
front porch.

she could often be found lying on a cot there in the coolness and stillness of the afternoon. I would ask her how she was feeling, and almost invariably her reply would be that she was better. We'd chat about the weather, the need for rain, the crops, and the neighborhood gossip. No word of complaint about her condition passed her lips. I had gone to cheer her and pay my duty call to the sick. I left with an inward cheer myself from having talked with her.

The autumn visits brought memories from my childhood days when we gathered pawpaws for Auntie. She loved them al-

most as much as she enjoyed her salad greens. We gathered them in peck buckets and laid them carefully out in the grass behind the kitchen door to ripen and turn black. In memories, too, as I walked up the plank that led to the old back porch, I could see piles of freshly-dug, yellow sweet potatoes lying in the autumn sunlight. I could still see the ancient smokehouse filled with wooden barrels of pickled corn with the shuck still on, pickled cucumbers and beans, and during the very late autumn with hams, shoulders and slabs of bacon.

As in the spring and summer, my uncle would still be sitting on the porch, now with a coat draped around his stooped, discouraged shoulders.

"How are you, Uncle? Aren't you cold? How's Auntie?"

"About the same."

Once when I asked him the last question, he burst out crying and said in a childish voice, "She's worse."

But when I entered the bedroom, she was trying to sit up in bed, leaning against her pillows. I asked how she was and she answered, "Well, I was feeling bad this morning but I'm better now. Have you heard from your Aunt Lora?"

Walking down the path a little later, through the red, gold and brown landscape, I thought of the complaints I heard from others almost every day.

"I don't feel so good this morning."

"My head hurts. It must be my eyes."

"I never slept a wink last night. My shoulder hurt all night."

But none of these from that brave one so dear to me, who surely must have had real pain. "I'm feeling better this morning."

The disease of my aunt is a cancer which started from a tiny black mole on the left side of her neck, and because it has grown and changed her appearance many of the neighbors have never visited her for fear they "might worry about it."

The soft snow lay in mounds around the kitchen door the last time I went for a visit. The wind whistled on my stinging face, and I shook my fingers to keep them from growing numb. As I entered Auntie's room, I noticed the bed had been moved closer to the fireplace.

"We've really had a cold spell, haven't we?" was Auntie's greeting after I asked her how she was feeling. "It got so cold they moved my bed up near the fire. Have you been well? How's your mother?"

During this visit I noted how much thinner she had grown. Also, she didn't talk much but smiled and nodded as her daughter and I carried on the greater part of the conversation.

"Maybe you can eat these deep-freeze greens and dried beans I brought," I said as I left.

"I'll sure try and I'm glad to get them."

The blue of the sky seemed clean and pure to me as I walked out into the cold air. How blue against the whiteness of the winter



The room to which
Auntie brought so
much cheer.

world! So beautiful and exuberant, this universe of ours, tainted only by the deeds and evils of man. But goodness and beauty, endurance and faith are always found even in a restless world. Such were my thoughts as I walked slowly home down the icy lane.

My aunt had acquired only a sprinkling of education in a crude, uncomfortable country school. She married young and her husband her children, her daily tasks of dishes, washings, ironings, sewing, creating quilts and rugs, feeding chickens, caring for pigs, and working in the garden and cornfield made up her life on earth.

Yet in this school of experience she had mastered a course which is not offered in a college curriculum. A course in contentment, acceptance, and faith in a supreme being. God's universe was not created in vain as long as a soul such as that of my aunt has lingered briefly here on earth, a trusting glimmer of light shining as a candle beam upon the lives of those around her.

Two days after writing these reminiscences, I had taken my notebook and was starting to add to them when a message was brought to me that my aunt was dying. I joined others who were with her through the long, long afternoon of waiting. She was unconscious and breathed loud and heavily, her eyes turned upward. My father kept asking her what she saw up there. She never answered. She died in his arms.

For several weeks I could not bear to go near these pages concerning the memories of my aunt. But time and hope, God's chief physicians, perform marvelous operations. And as my pain gradually grew less bitter, I could almost rejoice because I knew that her spirit, the real part of her, was truly at rest now, that she was experiencing a lasting, eternal peace. END

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\* \* \* \* \*

The Council of the Southern Mountains, Inc.  
College Box 2000

Berea, Kentucky



## Scouting at

## Pine Mountain



*Alvin Boggs*

SCOUTMASTER, TROOP 37  
CUMBERLAND COUNCIL

The road led from the main highway up between the hills that had crowded the tiny stream from one side of the valley to the other. It seemed a greater distance than the two miles it was supposed to be. We stopped at an enclosure and an elderly man, the caretaker, came to unlock the camp gate.

The winding gravel road took us through a wooded area where to our left was a well-cared-for rifle range, and peeping through the trees on our right I got a hint that there was a body of water much larger than the tiny stream we had followed up to the camp. We followed the winding road and saw many cabins in the area, some of them displaying the mysterious name of some troop of which I had not heard before. Just beyond the array of smaller cabins was a large clearing much like a parade ground, and at its edge stood a large mess hall. Nearby was the musical sound of tumbling water. Some small bridges spanned the brook and it was evident they were put there by Scouts and the help of Scouters, and just a stone's throw away, a beautiful small lake with some flat bottom boats and one canoe for training purposes. I kept wishing aloud that the boys from our community could avail themselves of the wonderful facilities of Camp Blanton. I had almost forgotten our reason for going, but was drawn back to reality long enough to load the equipment that was to be transported to another camp. I cannot remember all the overtures of the Scouter who was with me but they were sufficient to make me formulate some plans. I was aware that the camp was for Scouting first, so nothing was left for me but to get into this movement. I think I took some of the serenity away with me and I invited the District man to come over and help us get started. He must have been amused at my enthusiasm and there was no trouble getting him

to come over the mountain.

We found the Scouting program much bigger than we had thought and the greatest progress made that night was to have Pine Mountain Settlement School go on record as being willing to offer a Scouting program on its campus. This automatically gave us our I. R. (institutional representative) and a few other men for the committee. We were required to have five committeemen and all ten whom we asked accepted. This is another reason for the success of our Troop 37.

We had regular meetings in October and November and the Council office informed us that our charter was forthcoming, and we were now officially a chartered Boy Scout Troop. This called for a special ceremony where all the community could come to see what we were doing. From this time, November 30, 1958, there has been a rapid unfolding of the great program that is called Scouting.

Most programs are supposed to have numbers to be impressive. We welcome the numbers but feel that an action program for many or few is the important thing. By this it is proven that character is not developed by having a crowd but by living up to and beyond program content. We feel that it shouldn't be necessary to coax members to join; to offer such a lively program that it will do its own recruiting. The program action has been put in front of the boys of the area and it is a sort of bait or indirect invitation to join. Scouting standards are high and should not be lowered by local troops, so when a boy begins to show interest I point out that this is a program for the boys who can really carry out good Scouting practices, and that there are hikes, camp-outs, and some difficult things to learn such as the fire by friction, and Morse code. There is the problem of learning to live on basic necessities in camp life, and in sharing with others. When I mention the requirements and the ruggedness that is required it is a challenge to any boy, and that is the need of the day. Any boy will be quick to declare his readiness and after a visit or two he is ready to register and become a real working part of the troop.

We have been disturbed when we have lost boys to what has become a common word among us: migration. In some cases where boys were enrolling in a boarding school they also left a gap, but there have been new ones to come along and their enthusiasm has been equally great. We have enjoyed camping together and in some instances we have had the fun of exploring caves and finding good camping sites on the Pine Mountain. Sometimes we have gone to Camp Blanton to practice many phases of camping and Scouting. There are always more boys for a camping trip than for any other activity. This is proof to me that the action is what holds the

interest, and sometimes their Scoutmaster has to puff to keep up.

Some of the first things to be done are the rope work and the important First Aid work. These are good to practice on camping trips and hikes. We have camped out in the snow and have put much emphasis on self-preservation. At the annual Black Diamond Festival in 1960 our troop entered the First Aid contest and we took first place in the county. Our nice 15-inch trophy is a reminder of the thrill that came to us on hearing that our team had won over all the others in the contest.

A boy may advance as rapidly as he is willing to participate, and some of ours have gotten through many ranks and merited many badges.

One of the early fears was that it would be too expensive, that uniforms and equipment would cost too much. We have taught the boys to try to earn the items needed and never to be a burden on the people around them. For that reason the uniforms and other pieces are acquired a piece at a time, beginning with the neckerchief, then the shirt to which are sewn the badges and the rank they have achieved. By this means, the value of thriftiness is taught. As small a thing as learning to whip the end of a rope has given some parents an insight into some of the worthy points of Scouting. One Tenderfoot said to his dad not long ago that what he was learning now might "help me to save your life."

On our campus we have the use of a rustic building that is made of slabs and is located in the woods where it is ideal for our use. We have had parents and friends come to our programs at this Scout house and to other programs, especially to Chapel services that are conducted by the troop. Occasionally refreshments are served. We have had more cooperation from the community, and especially from the parents, in this Scouting program than we would expect to have in other projects. This is a great and an inclusive program that seeks to direct and never hamper the initiative of our lively young group.

Scouting is too big for me to do justice in this brief attempt. One thing is sure, and that is that tying knots and First Aid, along with camping and other activities, are not the goals, but only the means to the ends of Scouting: a program of character-building for our youth. END



## BOOK REVIEW

*Rebel Religion* by Herman Norton

The Bethany Press, 1961

114 pp., illus.

\$2.75

reviewed by Ellen Goble



With the vast array of publications issued throughout the years and especially during the Centennial years, can anything new be produced about the Civil War? The answer is yes. *Rebel Religion*, the Story of the Confederate chaplains, presents a previously neglected segment of this struggle as the author purposes "to set forth information relative to the organization and function of the chaplaincy in the Confederate armies."

Dr. Norton, professor of American Christianity in the divinity school of Vanderbilt University, has a keen interest in the history of the Confederacy and with experience as a World War II army chaplain writes with sympathetic understanding of the men who faced the deep problems of the military ministry.

To furnish a background against which the Confederate chaplaincy developed, the author traces the beginning in colonial times, the growth and eventual establishment of a tradition of military ministry in America.

The evolving Confederate tradition is shown largely through the dynamic personalities of chaplains themselves—all within an historical framework. There was Chaplain McNeilly who, always close to the battle line brought comfort to his men, giving them a new outlook on life and death. And the chaplain was a vital factor in the Great Revival—that amazing religious awakening among Confederate troops. There was Chaplain-Surgeon Quintard whose compassionate preaching helped his men to no longer think of God in a Confederate uniform but to grasp the concept that "the Kingdom of God is greater than any habit, formula, denomination or government." There was Chaplain Jones who, staying with his men to the bitter end as they followed Lee to Appomattox, helped them "resolve, as Christians, the perplexities of hardship, death and defeat."

There were frustrations—meager government support, confused rank, low pay, problems peculiar to a military minister, men who failed to measure up. Nevertheless, Chaplains Quintard, Jones, McNeilly and many others of like caliber made meaningful the Confederate chaplaincy tradition.

In evaluating the tradition, Dr. Norton notes that though "times and methods of warfare have changed, the verdict of the past

hundred years is that the function of the military minister is essential and that the chaplain is here to stay."

The Appendix includes a roster of the 798 Confederate chaplains, compiled from the letters, diaries and miscellaneous papers of soldiers and chaplains. A Bibliography provides valuable material for research.

The material in this book was originally presented as a doctoral dissertation and covers 360 pages. Dr. Norton in the preface ascribes the "present form and state of readability of the volume" to the work of Norris Woodie, assistant professor of Bible and Philosophy and Coordinator of Religious Activities at Berea College, Berea, Kentucky. As Rewrite Editor, Dr. Woodie has selected and arranged the material in a unique way. The format of the book is attractive and easily readable. Black and white sketches by Doris Hallas point up the chaplain in his varying roles.

Rebel Religion may well be on everyone's reading list!



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With the hope that their efforts were useful to the mountain area and with the certainty that the Workshop year was of great personal value, the former Workshop girls would like others to share the opportunity they enjoyed. They hope to sponsor a visit of several weeks by a teacher or graduate student whose experience would be enlarged by such a visit and, in turn, shared with others in his or classes. The candidate's field might, for example, be folk arts or sociology. The candidate might be a mountain person who needed a small grant for some specific training outside the area, or the plan might involve a trip to the mountains from outside.

Anyone with suggestions for candidates or programs is invited to write to Diana Lockard, 302 West 79th Street, New York 24, N. Y. or Betsy Bankart Sylvester, 400 East 58th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

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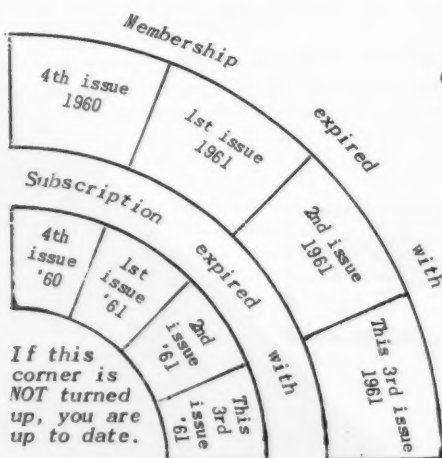
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